

Republic Pictures Star

A Fawcett Publication

# ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

## WESTERN

OCT.

**10¢**

NO. 18

12

*In this issue:*

**THE WILDEST OF THE  
WILD WEST NOVELETTES:**

**THE BRAND BANDITS!**

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EVERY ONE A WINNER!

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Western

**WESTERN HERO**

**ROCKY LANE**  
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**WHIZ**  
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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane

and the  
**BRAND BANDITS!**

**R**ustlers strike in the dark of moonless nights, fogging thundering longhorns down the rampage trail to vanish like night mist...**WITHOUT TRACE** in one of the most baffling mysteries ever to shroud the old West! But the indomitable Undercover Marshal, **ROCKY LANE**, hurls himself and his blazing six-guns into the lurch to match bullets and brains with the

## BRAND BANDITS!

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ONE MORNING, ROCKY LANE, DARING YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, RACES HIS GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK, TOWARD A DISTANT RANCH HOUSE WITH ONE THOUGHT IN MIND---HAM AND EGGS!

THAT RANCH HOUSE UP AHEAD LOOKS MIGHTY INVITING, BLACK JACK! I RECKON THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BREAKFAST AFTER BEING ON THE TRAIL ALL NIGHT!





THEIR TRACKS ARE UP AHEAD!

GOOD! I'M PLUMB ANNOYED TO GET ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE SIDEWINDERS!



BY THE LOOKS OF THESE TRACKS, THEY SURE RAN OFF A PACEFUL OF CATTLE! FOLLOWING THIS TRAIL IS GOING TO BE EASY, I RECKON!



GET GOING, BLACK JACK! WE'VE GOT A MESS OF CON-THIEVES TO ROUND UP—PRONTO!

I RECKON THAT'S A LOT EASIER SAID THAN DONE, ROCKY!



WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT, MISTER?

THE RUSTLERS ALWAYS LEAVE A WIDE TRAIL THAT'S PLUMB EASY TO FOLLOW IN THE BEGINNING, BUT IT ALWAYS PETERS OUT AT THE SAME SPOT.



MAYBE THIS TIME IT'LL BE DIFFERENT!

THE TRAIL ALWAYS LEADS TO THAT OUTCROPPING OF ROCK UP AHEAD AND THEN VANISHES!



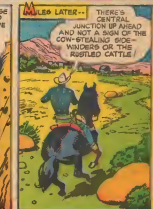
THAT OLD RUSTLER'S DODGE OF SLOTTING OUT A TRAIL ON ROCK IS MIGHTY CLEVER, BUT I DON'T AIM TO LET IT STOP ME!

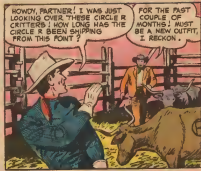
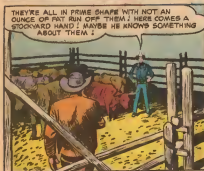


I'LL SEE YOU BACK AT THE RANCH HOUSE, MISS! I AIM TO TRACK THESE SIDEWINDERS DOWN ALONE AS THERE MAY BE SOME POWDER BURNT WHEN I RUN UP ON THEM!

I HOPE YOU CATCH THEM! I'LL BE WAITING FOR NEWS! GOOD LUCK!

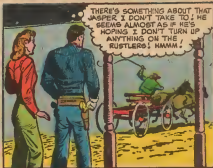


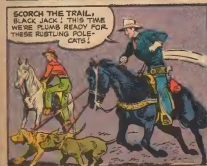














A FEW MINUTES LATER--

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW THAT YOUR IDEA OF USING HOUNDS HAS FAILED, ROCKY?

I'VE GOT ONE QUESTION TO ASK BEFORE I ANSWER THAT, MISS.



DO THESE RUSTLERS ALWAYS WAIT FOR A MOONLESS NIGHT TO STRIKE?

WHY, ER, YES! WHY?



BECAUSE IN THAT CASE I RECKON THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT FOR THE NEXT MOONLESS NIGHT! HO-HUM! I RECKON I'LL TURN IN!



3 SEVERAL WEEKS LATER--

THIS IS A FINE HOW-DO-YOU-DO, SITTING HERE WASTING YOUR TIME THUMBING THROUGH THAT OLD ALMANAC INSTEAD OF GOING OUT TO CATCH THOSE RUSTLERS BEFORE THEY STRIKE AGAIN!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE PLUMB WRONG, MISS.



THIS ALMANAC IS FULL OF VALUABLE INFORMATION, LIKE THE PART WHICH SAYS TONIGHT IS A MOONLESS NIGHT. THAT MEANS RUSTLERS MAY STRIKE---



---AND WHEN THEY DO, I AIM TO STRIKE BACK PRONTO! GET GOING, BLACK JACK! WE HAVE A LITTLE CHORE TO DO IN TOWN. HAVE THOSE HOUNDS IN GOOD SHAPE AND READY, MISS. I'VE A HUNCH WE'RE GONNA TO NEED THEM!



SHORTLY AFTER---

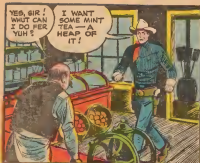
IF THOSE SIDEWINDERS USE PEPPER AGAIN, THEY'RE GONNA GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR WORTHLESS LIVES!



GENERAL STORE

WHOA, BLACK JACK! I RECKON I'LL BE ABLE TO GET WHAT I NEED HERE!



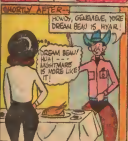


PLEASE TURN TO NEXT PAGE









A FEW MINUTES LATER--

HYAR, SHE IS, BOSS!

GOOD! THROW HER DOWN ALONGSIDE OF ROCKY LANE AND HAND ME A CANDLE!

MY FOREMAN! YOU'RE THE ONE BEHIND ALL THIS!



YEAH! I SWORE I'D GIT EVEN WITH YORE OAD FOR TURNING ME IN FER RUSTLING BACK IN THE OLD DAYS, AND NOW THET HE'S DEAD, I AIM TO GIT MY REVENGE ON YOU! HA, HA!

BUT DAD ALWAYS HELPED YOU!

THAT'S JUST IT CUSS HIS HIDE! WHEN I GOT OUT OF JAIL, HE MADE ME TAKE THIS JOB ON HIS SPREAD AND QUIT RUSTLING AND I HATED HIM FOR IT! HE MADE HIMSELF OUT BETTER THAN ME!

I COULD HAVE BEEN RICH LONG AGO BY RUSTLING IF IT HADN'T BEEN FER HIM, BUT AS SOON AS HE DIED, I DON'T LOSE ANY TIME WIPING OUT THE ROOKING R HERD TUH MAKE UP FER WHAT I MISSED; AND NOW I AIM TO WIPE OUT YOU AND ROCKY AND STEAL THE LAST O' THE HERD! HA, HA!



YUH THOUGHT ROCKY LANE COULD HELP YUH, DIDNT YUH! HA, HA! WELL, YOU'RE GONNA SEE HOW MUCH HELP HE CAN GIVE YUH! BUST OPEN THAT KEG O' POWDER, BOYS!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

BLOW YOU TO BITS! THIS CANDLE'LL GIVE US PLENTY O' TIME TO RUN THE HERD OFF AND MAKE OUR GETAWAY! GRAB THET PEPPER AND LET'S GO, MEN!

WHUT DO WE NEED THE PEPPER FER WITH ROCKY OUT O' THE WAY?



WE'RE USING THE PEPPER TO PLAY SAFE IN CASE SOMEBODY HEARS THE EXPLOSION AND ROUNDS UP A POSSE TO GIT ON OUR TRAIL!

YUH THINK O' EVERYTHING, BOSS! LET'S GO!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!



SO LONG, ROCKY LANE! YOUR  
RUSTLER ROUNDUP DAYS  
ARE OVER! HA, HA!



WHILE BACK IN THE STOREROOM  
WHICH HAS NOW BECOME A LETHAL  
CHAMBER OF SLOWLY CREEPING  
DEATH ---

WHEW! THESE  
ROPES WON'T GIVE A BIT! THAT  
MAVERICK SURE KNOWS HOW TO  
TIE A KNOT! BUT HE MADE ONE  
BIG MISTAKE --- A  
MISTAKE THAT'S  
GOING TO BE HIS  
UNDOING!



JUST THIS! I'M FREE OF MY  
ROPES! THAT MAVERICK TIED  
HIS ROPE OVER MY GAUNTLETS  
INSTEAD OF MY WRISTS! I'LL  
HAVE THOSE ROPES OFF YOU  
IN A MOMENT!



BUT THIS  
CANDLE COMES  
FIRST! THERE,  
THAT'S THAT!

YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL,  
ROCKY!



GET THE HOUNDS, MISS, WHILE  
I SIGNAL FOR BLACK JACK! I'LL  
CATCH THOSE SIDEWINDERS  
DEAD TO RIGHTS!

BUT YOU  
HEARD THEM  
SAY THEY  
WERE GOING  
TO USE  
PEPPER AGAIN!  
WHAT GOOD  
ARE HOUNDS?



YOU'LL SEE SOON  
ENOUGH, MISS!  
THIS TIME THE  
PEPPER IS GOING  
TO HELP TRAP  
THEM IF THEY  
USE IT!

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!  
BUT I'LL  
GET THEM!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, AS THE SHRILL CALL  
OF THE SCREECH OWL BULLETS THROUGH  
THE NIGHT AIR ---

WHOOOOEEEEEE! GOOD BOY, BLACK  
JACK! I KNEW MY CALL WOULD BRING YOU  
STAMPEDING TO ME! AND HERE COME THE  
HOUNDS, TOO!



GET GOING, BLACK JACK! WE'RE  
HEADING FOR A SHOWDOWN WITH  
THOSE COW-STEALING COYOTES!





LATER, AS THE BAYING HOUNDS ANNOUNCE THE GRIM RECKONING AHEAD WITH ROCKY LANE SWEEPING BEHIND THEM ON HIS GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK---







A BRANDING IRON AND A CHARCOAL FIRE!

RIGHT, MISS! THEY BLOT OUT THE ROCKING R BRAND WITH A CIRCLE R BRAND WHILE ON THE WAY TO CENTRAL JUNCTION WHERE THE YARMINTS HAVE BEEN SHIPPING FROM.



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR ROUNDING UP THESE RUSTLERS, ROCKY, BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE ME FROM RUIN! WE'VE GOT THEM BUT NOT THE STOLEN CATTLE!

NOT YET, MISS-- NOT YET!



AT CENTRAL JUNCTION---

LOOK, ROCKY! HERE COMES THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES! IT LOOKS AS IF THEY WERE EXPECTING US!

THEY SURE WERE, MISS! I LEFT ORDERS WITH A COWHAND TO TAKE CARE OF A RECEPTION COMMITTEE FOR THESE YARMINTS!



HERE THEY ARE, SHERIFF! THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE MIGHTY SLICK, BUT I OUTSICKED THEM WITH THE HELP OF MY FRIEND, THE STOCK-YARD HAND, HERE!

SHUCKS, ROCKY! I JUST DID WHAT YOU ASKED ME TO!



SIT MOVING, YUH PASSSEL O' YARMINTS ...TO JAIL!

I'VE GOT THE REST OF THE CRITTERS OVER IN THE SHEEDS AS YOU WANTED THEM, ROCKY!

MUCH OBLIGED, PARD!

WHAT CRITTERS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



YOUR CRITTERS, MISS! I HAD MY PARD HERE KEEP FROM SHIPPING THEM UNTIL I WAS SURE THEY WERE STOLEN! I HAD A HUNCH THEY MIGHT BE YOUR CATTLE WITH THEIR BRANDS WORKED OVER AND--THEY WERE!

THAT WAS MIGHTY CLEVER, ROCKY! YOU'VE SAVED MY RANCH FROM RUIN!



IT'S ALL PART OF AN UNDERCOVER MARSHAL'S DAYS' WORK, I RECKON! GET GOING, BLACK JACK! WE'RE MOVING ON DOWN THE TRAIL!

GOODBYE, ROCKY LANE! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!

WHO COULD?



# THE LUCKY DUDE

By Walter Farmer



**H**ANDY Sandy slouched in the saddle. The high board fence would hide his horse and most of him if he kept low. He had removed his broad-brimmed hat. Through a crack in the fence, he could see the livery stable. He sat there for a long time, silent and patient. And his well-trained mount was silent and patient, too. Just about sundown, he saw the boy leave the livery stable.

"Going to supper," thought Sandy. He rode across the street unobserved, dismounted, led his horse into the stable, and chose a vacant stall. Then, in the half dark of the stable, he began to undress. He took off his chaps, pants, shirt, the big bandana from around his neck. He gazed at his high heeled boots. With apparent reluctance, he took them off, too. Then he dipped into his saddle bag and in a very few minutes, he was attired as a dude from the East. He even wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, and no one would have suspected that behind those glasses were the keenest pair of orbs that had ever shot one hundred bull's-eyes out of a possible one hundred. Last of all, he went to work on his tousled hair. It was still cinnamon color, but when Handy Sandy had plastered it down with water and combed it, parting it in the middle, it changed his appearance considerably. He reached into the saddle bag, clapped a derby atop his head, and started out of the stable.

Darkness was falling as he walked up Main Street toward the Lucky Devil Gambling Casino. Next to it, on this side, was Lucky's Hotel. Handy Sandy entered the hotel. The sleepy clerk looked at him, suppressed a laugh, then pushed forward the register. Sandy signed up as *Hanford D. Sands* and was given a key to a room on the second floor, front.

The clerk came around from behind the desk to usher Sandy to his room and said, "You're from the East, aren't you, stranger?"

"How did you guess?" asked Sandy.

"Something about your getup," responded the clerk, as they mounted the stairs. Sandy was shown his room. The clerk was about to leave when Sandy opened a wallet. It seemed to be bulging with money. He extracted a ten-dollar bill and handed it to the clerk. The latter's eyes popped. "It's for you,"

chuckled Sandy. "Where I come from, they use these to light cigars. I don't smoke, so I have plenty left over."

When the door had closed, the clerk raced down the stairs and ran next door to the Lucky Devil Gambling Casino. He found Lucky Devil himself in the little back room and told him at once of the stranger from the East with the bulging wallet. Lucky Devil pulled at his black mustache. His slit eyes had a greedy glow.

"Steer that tenderfoot in here," he said, in his oily, smooth voice. "You won't regret it."

"Yes sir!" said the young clerk.

In his room, Handy Sandy took out the note and read it again.

*Handy:*

*A man named Lucky Devil is bleeding the town white. I know his gambling is crooked, but I can't prove a thing. Whenever I show up, everything is honest and above board. If you could come here and give me some help, I'd appreciate it.*

*Sheriff Lawton*

"I don't believe in gambling," chuckled Handy Sandy to himself. "But I will pretend to be a gambler if it will help my old sidekick, Sheriff Lawton."

He leaned back in the bed and decided to take a snooze for a couple of hours. He wanted to enter the Lucky Devil Gambling Casino, when the games were at their height. And there was plenty of time to get in touch with the sheriff.

When at last he entered the Casino, there was no need to introduce himself. Lucky Devil, the boss, met him at the door and said, "Ah, Mr. Hanford D. Sands! So you have decided to try your luck at my little place. It is a pleasure to welcome a distinguished visitor from the East!"

Handy Sandy pretended to be flustered by all this attention while Lucky Devil pulled on his black mustache and said, "Perhaps you would like to try the dice table?"

Sandy said he would. He held the dice awkwardly. One of the cubes seemed to slip from his fingers, and it bounced on the table.

Ha looked at the Ivory and said, in seeming innocence, "Did I win?"

"No. No!" somebody yelled. "You have to throw both dice. Throw them hard!"

Lucky Devil was thinking to himself, "Oh, boy, have I got an easy mark here! I'll make his wallet thinner than a humming-bird's skeleton!"

Hanford D. Sands drew back his arm and hurled the dice. They bounced hard on the table, then bounced straight out the open window, beyond. "Oh, goodness, I fear I have thrown them too hard!" cried the easterner.

"That's all right, we'll get them back," smiled Lucky Devil. "In the meanwhile, perhaps you'd like to try your luck at cards?" With a gesture, the owner of the gambling casino had ordered one of his underlings to go outside and retrieve the loaded dice. Then he led the dude to a table where poker was being played.

Mr. Sands was soon sitting in. He placed a pile of money at the table by his side and ordered chips, after he had been told that this was the thing to do. He picked up the cards dealt to him, saying, "I may seem to be a little near-sighted, but don't let that fool you. With these glasses, I can see anything that's going on." He held his cards close to his nose, and the gamblers decided at once that he was near-sighted. They got a little careless.

The two men who were employed by the house began to double deal and fake shuffle without bothering too much to cover up. Soon they had cornered most of the chips and money that had been in front of the dude easterner. It was so easy that they weren't watching Mr. Sands very closely. Handy Sandy had counted on this. He slipped his own deck into the game, substituting for the one they had been using and nobody noticed. Sandy could do things with his own deck, and he began winning. The chips and money began moving back to his side of the table. Lucky Devil, looking on, frowned. This thing wasn't working out the way he'd planned it.

Ha was called aside by the man he had sent to pick up the dice that had been thrown through the window. The man whispered, "Boss, I couldn't find those dice anywhere. They've plumb disappeared!"

"Fool!" hissed Lucky. "You go back and find those cubes. Search every inch of ground. You know those dice are loaded and if they ever got into the hands of the sheriff, it'd be just the evidence he needs to close me up!"

"I tell you they're not out there!" responded

the man. "I think somebody must've picked them up before I got out there."

Lucky looked thoughtful. He stroked his mustache and stared at the dude and at the growing pile of chips and money in front of him.

"That hombre must be a card sharp himself," thought Lucky. "No greenhorn from the East could ever win that much from my boys. Maybe he got rid of the dice on purpose. Maybe . . ." He reached inside his coat to a shoulder holster, drew a pearl-handled pistol, and pointed it at Sandy. "All right, mister, what's your game?"

Sandy dropped his cards and raised his hands. He noted that at an apparent signal from the boss, two men at the opposite side of the table also had guns pointed at him. "I thought the game was poker," drawled Sandy, "but if you want to play something rougher, it's all right with me." As he spoke the words, he kicked the card table over against the players opposite, jarring their pistols. He himself flopped to the floor and rolled as slugs from Lucky's pistol peppered the spot where he had been. While rolling, he reached for his own gun from his coat and shot out the lights. In the darkness there was a bedlam of yelling, running, crashing.

Sandy heard Lucky Devil bellowing orders. He made for the boss, judging the distance by the sound of the voice. He dived against the gambler, crashed him to the floor, and smashed a hard fist against Lucky's jaw before the latter could go for his gun.

Sheriff Lawton came in carrying a lantern. He held it so he could look into Sandy's face. "Thank goodness you're not hurt," said the sheriff. "I got the dice you threw out the window and was waiting with my boys for your signal to move in. But things happened mighty fast. Well, we got all the little fish, but I'm afraid Lucky got away in the dark."

"Oh, no," said Handy Sandy. "He's here. Lower your lantern a little, and you'll see where I laid him out. I took a personal dislike to the critter when he pulled his gun on me. By the way, I have some more evidence for you. These boys were trying to separate me from my money with marked cards."

"You did a great job, Sandy," said the sheriff. "You have done the West a big favor."

"I didn't mind doing it, but these dang dude clothes make me feel plumb hogtied!"

THE END





ROCKY - WITH BLACK JACK

# ROPING 'N' RIDING

With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

## HOWDY PARTNERS:

HERE WE ARE, BACK HOME AGAIN. YEP, BLACK JACK AND I JUST PULLED IN FROM ANOTHER LONG BUT HAPPY TRIP. WE SURE WERE PROUD TO MEET AS MANY OF YOU PARTS, BOTH OLD AND NEW, AS WE DID. FACE TO FACE, AND HOPE TO GREET YOU AGAIN SOMEDAY REAL SOON.

RIGHT NOW, STACKED IN FRONT OF US, IS A MOUNTAIN-HIGH PILE OF LETTERS FROM YOU. OUR PALS, AND, BELIEVE YOU ME, IT'S A THRILL TO LEARN SO MANY OF YOU LIKE OUR MOVIES AND COMICS. INCIDENTALLY, YOUR PHOTOS WILL BE SENT ALONG AS FAST AS WE CAN GET THEM TO YOU.

A LOT OF YOU HAVE ASKED: WHY IS IT A COWBOY ALWAYS TALKS OF HIS HORSE AS IF IT WERE A HUMAN BEING? SO I AM GOING TO TRY TO TELL YOU HOW A COWBOY FEELS ABOUT HIS PART, AND HOW I FEEL ABOUT BLACK JACK.

YOU KNOW, A COWHAND SOMETIMES LIVES FOR WEEKS AT A STRETCH OUT ON THE PRAIRIE AND PLAINS AND HIS ONLY PARTNER AND HELPER IS HIS HORSE. THEY DEVELOP AN UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THEM, AIN'T TO THAT OF HUMAN BEINGS. THEY DRINK TOGETHER, EAT TOGETHER, AND WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE, SLEEP TOGETHER THROUGH RAIN, SLEET, HEAT, STORMS, COLD AND OTHER HARDSHIPS. THEY STICK SIDE BY SIDE, PROTECTING, HELPING EACH OTHER, AND PROUD TO BE ABLE TO DO SO. YES SIR, ANY LIVING THING YOU SPEND YOUR EVERY HAPPY HOUR WITH, YOU'RE BOUND TO GET REAL ATTACHED TO. IT BECOMES A BIG PART OF YOUR LIFE.

ANYWAY, THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH BLACK JACK AND ME. WE'RE TOGETHER ALL THE TIME AND I LOVE HIM AND HE SEEMS TO FEEL THE SAME TOWARD ME. THE SAME WAY YOUR DADDY, YOUR MOMMY, YOUR SISTERS AND BROTHERS FEEL ABOUT YOU. THEY LOVE YOU, AND I'M SURE YOU LOVE THEM.

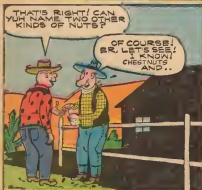
OH, OH, THERE'S A BIG RACKET OUT IN BLACK JACK'S BARN. GUESS MAYBE HE WANTS OUT. TO STRETCH THOSE LEGS OF HIS. I'D BETTER GO SEE, ANYWAY. SO, SO LONG. WE'LL BE IN TOUCH WITH YOU NEXT MONTH. UNTIL THEN—

YOURS FOR MORE ACTION,

YOUR PALS,

ALLAN "Rocky" LANE  
AND BLACK JACK U





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**'ROCKY'S'**



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# SLIM PICKENS

IN  
THE  
NEW  
JOB

YORE BOSS JUST GAVE  
ME A JOB AS A COWBOY  
ON THIS RANCH! HE  
TOLD ME TO SEE YUH  
AND YOU'D TELL  
ME WHAT TO  
DO!

IF YUH LISTEN TO  
ME, SLIM PICKENS,  
THE FIRST THING  
TO DO IS QUIT!

QUIT? BUT WHY? I OPINE  
I'LL FIND WORKING  
HYAR A BED  
OF ROSES!

WORKING HYAR  
IS NO BED!  
IT'S THE BUNK!

BUT I THOUGHT THE BOSS  
LOOKED LIKE A NICE GUY!  
HE SAID HE AND I COULD  
WORK HAND IN HAND!

I RECKON THAT'S  
A GOOD IDEA! IF  
YUH HOLD HANDS  
YUH WON'T BE  
ABLE TO FIGHT  
EACH OTHER!

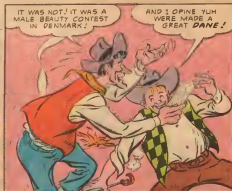
DON'T TRY TO DISCOURAGE  
ME! I'M SO HAPPY ABOUT  
GETTING THIS JOB I COULD  
THROW MYSELF AWAY!

YUH BETTER NOT!  
THERE'S A LAW  
AGAINST SCATTERING  
RUBBISH!

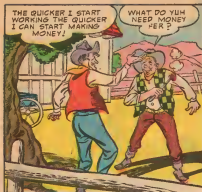
WHAT DO YUH MEAN  
RUBBISH? WHY I KNOW  
I LOOK LIKE A PICTURE  
OF JOY!

NOT JOY!  
JUST A HORROR  
PICTURE!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN







# THE BIG LOAN

WHAT BRINGS YUH OUT THIS WAY, HACK?

EMBARRASSING CIRCUMSTANCES, SMITHY! I'VE COME TO ASK YUH TO LEND ME FIVE DOLLARS!

HOW DO I KNOW I WILL GET IT BACK?

I GIVE YUH THE WORD OF A GENTLEMAN!

WELL, **BRING HIM AROUND** AND I MAY GIVE YUH THE FIVE DOLLARS!

YUH DON'T UNDERSTAND, SMITHY! I MEANT ON **MY WORD** AS A GENTLEMAN!

AND WHOEVER TOLD YUH YUH WERE A GENTLEMAN?

MUH LANDLADY! SHE SAYS I EAT LIKE A GENTLEMAN! SHE PUT OUT A COUPLE OF DOZEN SAUSAGES AND ALL THE OTHER BORDERS MADE A MAD DASH FER THEM, BUT I ONLY TOOK ONE! WHAT DO YUH SAY TO THAT?

I'D SAY IT WAS A LOT OF BALONEY! I WON'T LEND YUH THE MONEY, BUT I'LL GIVE YUH FIVE DOLLARS FOR YOUR DOG!

FER MUH DOG! I WOULDN'T BELL HIM FER ANY PRICE! **A DOG IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND!**



## COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

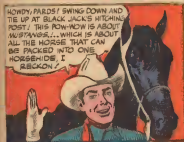
CROWNING A NEW KING-  
OF THE GOLDEN WEST-

# BOB COLT

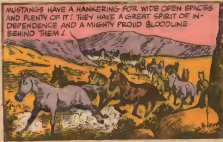
10¢ WATCH YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND !!! 10¢



# BLACK JACK'S Hitching Post



HOWDY, PARDS! SWING DOWN AND TIE UP AT BLACK JACK'S HITCHING POST! THIS POW-WOW IS ABOUT MUSTANGS... WHICH IS ABOUT ALL THE HORSE THAT CAN BE HORSEHIDE, I RECKON!



MUSTANGS HAVE A HANKERING FOR WIDE OPEN SPACES AND PLENTY OF IT! THEY HAVE A GREAT SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE AND A MIGHTY PROUD BLOODLINE BEHIND THEM!



THE MAJESTIC MUSTANGS WERE USED TO PULL STAGECOACHES. THEY HAVE MUCH ENDURANCE AND MADE FAST AND LONG TRAVEL POSSIBLE IN THE OLD WEST.



THE MUSTANG, DESCENDED FROM THE ARABIAN STEED OF THE SPANISH CONQUISTADOR, WAS THE FIRST HORSE TO ROAM THE RANGE... GET FREE BY THE AL-FATED DE SOTO AND HIS MEN BEFORE THEY DIED. THESE ARISTOCRATS OF THE HORSE KINGDOM WERE TO HELP CONQUOR THE WEST AND BECOME THE COWBOY'S PARD.



THE PERCHERON, USED BY THE OLD-TIME KNIGHTS, HAILS FROM LA PERCHE, FRANCE, AND IS A BIG, POWERFUL HORSE BUILT FOR STRENGTH.

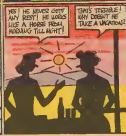


ON THE OTHER HAND, THE SPANIARDS STUCK TO LIGHT ARMOR AND USED ARABIAN STEEDS--MUSTANGS--NOTED FOR SPEED AND ENDURANCE!



IF BLACK JACK LOOKS A MITE PROUD AT TIMES, PARDS, I RECKON HE KNOWS HE'S A MUSTANG AND THAT'S A HEAP TO BE PROUD OF.

# THE HORSEY SET



**NOW ACHIEVED FOR THE FIRST TIME!**

**A HANDLEBAR THAT'S A PERFECT SHOCK ABSORBER GIVING A MOST COMFORTABLE, SAFE-FLOATING RIDE**

**GAZDA**  
**SPRING**  
**HANDLEBARS**  
PATENTED ALL OVER THE WORLD



**ALL SHOCKS ABSORBED  
UNBREAKABLE  
FITS ANY BICYCLE  
UNBENDABLE**

The GAZDA Spring Handlebar for Bicycle—Motorcycle with its high quality steel spring element, is scientifically designed to eliminate all shocks and vibrations to the rider which even the most expensive

Spring Fork cannot do. This magic patented Spring Element is enclosed in a rustproof high polished flexible CHROMI-NUM 50r, giving smoothness to every Bicycle—Motorcycle.

**SAFETY • COMFORT • SMARTNESS • FOR ONLY \$4.95 POST PAID**  
**ASK FOR GAZDA Spring Handlebars for Motorbikes—Motorcycle—give Make & Model**

**MAIL COUPON**

**AMERICAN OCTAGONER CORP.**  
(Bicycle Department)  
Providence, R. I.

Please rush me one GAZDA Spring Handlebar for Bicycle. I am enclosing Check — Money Order for \$4.95.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**100% MONEY BACK**

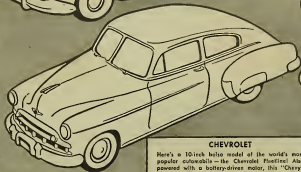
**Guarantee**

If these handlebars do not prove to be the safest and most comfortable you have ridden with, your money will be immediately refunded.

**HEY GANG!**  
 LET'S BUILD THESE  
 ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED  
 MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH  
**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**  
 FULL SIZE PLANS!

#### BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 12-inch Buick model complete with axles and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



#### CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile — the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Cherry" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

**HOW TO ORDER:** Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number



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Comics

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Gun or not at  
all. GET YOUR  
DALLAS DANCE  
DANCE BOOKS,  
West, Canada.

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—Red Ryder

Let Red Ryder and Daisy show you how to earn money to buy a Daisy B-B Gun! Get your copy of Daisy's brand new **BOY MONEY-MAKER GUIDE BOOK**—just out. Read page after page of money-making tips—how and where to get sparetime jobs—how to keep track of your earnings—how to interest Dad in your plans—Red Ryder comic strip revealing how real cowboys earn their guns, saddles, spurs—many other features! **BOY MONEY-MAKER** (with **DAISY CATALOG**) costs only 10¢ plus unused 3¢ stamp BUT it may help you own a Daisy in a few days! So, if you're willing to work to earn a Daisy—order "**MONEY-MAKER**" now—it shows you how. Mail coupon!

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Looks, feels, handles like a real western cowboy's saddle gun! Carbine long with leather saddle thong attached. RED RYDER'S name, picture, name branded on Pistol Grip Stock. Ask Dad to buy your Daisy Cowboy Carbine now to your favorite hardware, sports goods or department store. Only \$4.95.

NO 101  
GUN ONLY  
**\$4.95**



**MONEY  
MAKER WITH  
CATALOG**  
ONLY **10¢**  
Plus  
Unused 3¢ Stamp

SAY, PARTNER!  
COWBOYS EARN  
THEIR OWN MONEY  
TO BUY THEIR  
SHOOTIN' IRONS...  
WHY DON'T YOU?  
SEND COUPON FOR  
DAISY'S NEW  
**BOY MONEY-MAKER**—  
IT SHOWS YOU HOW!  
—Red Ryder



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